

The other book

by Fuko-Sun

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Summary: What if there is a hidden island? What if on said island there is a small village that holds their own 'Hiccup' who just so happened to be the next chosen one to look after the village's Book of Dragons which happens to be suddenly napped by a Gronckle. Follow him as he tries to get the book back, gets separated from his own dragon and ends up on Berk? Yaoi HiccupXOC

1. Chapter 1

Note: Hey Everyone! This is my very-first story so I hope you guys won't be too harsh on me XD. The idea came from the series with Heather. I thought 'What would it be like if they met somebody who has great information on dragons, somebody who has a greater Dragon Book' and boom this was born. Since I'm a yaoi nut lol It's HiccupXOC****

My Lovely beta who worked to edit this is Tomoyo-chan, so everyone thank her. ****

Enjoy****

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><p>Introduction<p>

Shops began to open and display their wares and produce. Pubs turned their signs from open to closed and tossed out any lingering and unwanted drunkards who chose to stay the night before, the small village hidden underneath a leaning mountain, prepared for a whole days work.

Hidden by a mountain stood a rather small but stretched out village, houses made of wood, bricks, even straw stood around, a few out of the shadows in the sun light. Trees. Forest surrounded the mountain cutting of the view of any unwanted attention. The blue skies

stretched over them before disappearing into the black and grey winding storm that helped protect the secrets within and if you stand just right, in the right place of the mountain you'd see the surfaces of the wild water-pools that circled around.

Not by water, nor air could you get to this island. No boat, no flying creature will be accepted in unless wanted.

Small robins fluttered, singing their dandy tunes, a select few perched on top of a lone straw house. Letting out a soft tune, the red bellied bird swiftly twilled around, singing. When suddenly, blasting out of the sky came a rather large deep brown creature. Its small green eyes narrowed slightly as it snorted causing a blast of greenish flames to erupt from its snout, its hard and lanky skin would remind people of the rocky mountain that cast shadows over the small village hidden in the leaves.

Shrieking in surprise, the small robin whined and fluttered its wings out as the creature decided to lay by him making the whole building groan in resistance. Making more annoying cries at the creature, the small red bellied bird fluttered around him, chirping in the creature's ear before it suddenly turned and flicked it away causing the bird to sky-rocket across the village with a rather loud squeal.

On the other side of the village stood a high and mighty creature with two long defined heads. Both had pointed fangs that stuck out of its mouth, their large and round blue eyes shined in the sunlight, colors ranged from yellow and green covered their body in a pattern similar to a waterfall. The leaf-like wings splayed out of its back as it bumped their heads together, head butting each other over the small basket of fish in front of them, not understanding both heads connected to one stomach.

A pair of red eyes watched the creature from a strange rock pad that had fresh straw on top, free to burn whenever it wanted. The crimson milk-like skin texture covered its long and wide body, its short but deadly head rested against the straw as its long and define smoky red wings stretched out causing its legs to bend a little preparing to strike. And just as the twin creature in front of it butted heads once more, it was _off_. Throwing itself into the air, the crimson creature lunged through the air as it moved over head of the twin headed creature, its long defined spiked tail whipped out and wrapped around the bucket of fish, taking it with her as she re-landed in his patch of straw and made an almost laughing sound at the bewildered expression on the twin head creature.

Near the top of the mountain, carefully crawling up was rather short and young girl. The girl had short spiky orange hair, blonde highlights standing out as she dug her hands into the rocks and pushed herself up. Dressed in skins, dark brown shorts that had small bows on both sides, a light skin shirt that had fluffy hood with matching fluffy rings on her shorts. Knee length boots, fingerless gloves, and a pair of black goggles around her forehead making a long orange lock curl out.

Digging her hands into the rocks, her deep amber eyes looked down at the village and grinned. Glancing around, the young girl grabbed a rather large metal plate and placed it on the edge of the platform she's standing on. Kneeling on top of it, she smirked and grabbed her

goggles and placed them over her eyes and then tugged on her gloves "Ready?" She called over shoulder, feeling the plate shift as another crawled on.

Almost the size of her back, colored like the night sky was a young baby-like creature with large, round purple eyes that shined innocently and excitedly over the girl's shoulder. Its long black tail wrapped around her waist and it cooed softly, flickering its wings lightly as it prepared itself.

Letting out a soft sound, the girl grabbed hold of the tree branch she used to keep the plate up. "Okay. Here we go!" She screamed and yanked the branch out. As soon as the branch was removed the plate groaned and, slowly at first, began to tip forward before it suddenly bust down the mountain, the speed making both girl and creature scream out with excitement, their voices mixed through the air as they sped down the rocks and just as the two was about to smash straight into the ground at the bottom of the mountain the small creature suddenly lunged out its wings causing the plate to tip up and narrowly miss being thrashed into the ground.

Instead the two on the metal plate bounced a little before launching off once more down towards the village. Eyes flashing, the girl shakily held out her arms and slowly pushed herself up, her knees buckling a little as she breathed in deeply. The creature watched before pushing itself up on its back legs and used its front paws to cling onto the back of her shirt.

Smirking lightly, the girl tilted her body making the metal plate shift along with her and soon she and the creature were gliding down the mountain, narrowing missing the trees in the forest. "The Village!" She shrieked, smiling brightly as the creature cooed in her ear.

They swished through the village, they passed the muddy like creature on top of the straw house who stared in shock at them. It groaned softly and watched them almost ram into the twin headed creature but narrowed circled around before they suddenly slammed into the hill of straw with the crimson creature on top who stared down at them with an eyebrow raised.

Giggling loudly, the brunette girl back rolled out of the straw. Yellow bits stuck up in her hair; laughing, the girl blow her nose causing a few yellow straws to flush out and making her laugh even more before a black ball rolled out alongside her. Smiling, hiccuping from laughing, the girl leaned over and petted the black ball's back and watched as it unwrapped itself, starting with its tail to showing large round purple eyes. It stared up at her before making an expression and rolling around to push itself up and sneeze, making a lot more yellow straw to blast from its snout.

Snorting, the crimson creature stared down at them with dark eyes. Looking up at it, the girl grinned and laughed, pushing her hair out of her face "Mornin' Firefly~"

The newly named creature groaned and looked to her bucket of fish she stole and moved to take a white fish when she noticed one was moving. Hissing loudly, she watched as two twin creatures with white skin and a yellow belly poked out and stared up at her with bright, round innocent blue eyes.

Suddenly she heard more laughter, flickering back to look at the two in front her she watched with slight frustration as the girl tried to stand only to have her knee's buckle and fall back down, even the black creature next to her couldn't stand probably without falling back over.

The girl shudders and laughs softly, her eyes flicker around before tugging out the metal plate she used for mountain gliding and laughing softly at the rather large dent. "I'm going to need to fix that for next time." She smiled brightly at it and yelped in surprised as the black creature jumped and belly flopped her to the ground causing both to giggle.

With a 'Child' snort, Firefly threw the bucket off her straw and ignoring the two small creatures who made small sounds as they rolled around in the bucket, a few fish heads fluttered in the air.

The small girl rolled back, her hair fluttering a little before she heard the doors to the great hall open. The doors was rather large with golden handles and strange markings. A small, skinny figure slipped out dressed in knee length light amber pants that had white fur rings as well as fur lines up his sides. A matching, sleeveless hoodie was fur and his bare arms were covered in matching white fur arm-warmers. Silky black locks covered the figure's head as it walked down the steps, a rather large book in hand.

"Oniisan!" The small girl yelled, back rolling onto her feet and rushing towards the young boy who looked up with matching round amber eyes.

The boy hummed and said without looking up from the book in his hand, "Whaddya want Peaches?"

Peaches smiled and skidded in front of him; she rocked on the heels of her feet lightly with her arms behind her back innocently. "Me and Sora need more iron for our board."

Looking up, his own amber eyes flicker around and sees Sora cooing down at a bent metal board before he looked up at their mountain and sighed softly.

"More metalâ€¦"

~#~#~#~#~

My hometown or in other words the village I live in is very secretive. The island I live on has been here for more then seven generations; my home is 5 days of south of freezing to death; its located hidden on the meridian of beloved.

So, as you can probably see it's very, very cold. In fact it actually snows all year along, for 4 months we get mixed weather where it snows and yet it's sunny out. Perfect weather for our pests or dragons. At the beginning of time the beings with stubbornness issues were at war with these fire breathing beasts until our little island was attacked by a special breeds. At first, as you could tell my ancestors tried to fight them off; it's rumored that one day my ancestor - the village's healer - took a stroll down to the beach that circled the island when she came across one of these special

breeds. Apparently, when she looked into the creature's eyes she saw not blood lust but fear and she knew then, she knew these creatures wasn't to be feared.

It was then that my village separated themselves from the outside world, to protect our new family. The island we lived on became home to not just us but also the creatures known as dragons. We lived in harmony with these dragons and soon it spread that we were now living with the demons of the air and we were at war with the rest of the viking world. We had many different tribes come from around the world to fight with us or even trying to learn about the dragons to destroy them that way.

It is said that because of this, the gods Odin and Thor placed a special kind of barrier around the island. A storm for the air and whirlpools for the water to protect the over growing family inside.

Since then, our island was thought to be a legend, a bedtime story to give young child the hopeless dreams of wonder. It is thought that the vikings have all but given up, well, that's what we thought anyway.

Hmmm. You know that boy who seems shy but is really a quiet observer who sits in the back and is awkward around strangers? As thin as a walking stick with large, child like eyes? Well, that would be me. My name is Zion Hiccup Satoshion. That's right, I'm a Hiccup. Being a Hiccup in our tribe is, well outside our island of couse it is supposed to mean bad luck, a mess up, normally the runt of the tribe would have Hiccup in their name. Once you are thought to be a Hiccup, then you're nameless for about a month where you'd be watched closely by the Healer of the your village and once it's been decided you'd be given a name.

If you have Hiccup as your very first name it's supposed to mean when you where a baby, you did something very, well _Hiccup_. If Hiccup becomes your second name it means you didn't do anything _Hiccupish_ on the first month of your life. It's very complicated I know but it's how it is.

Once again, I'm Zion and I have a 8 year old sister named Peaches. She's very adventurous and lives to explore many of the dragon covens around with her partner for the past three years, Sora.

We have many dragons on this island, it's mostly consisted of the lazy and grouchy Gronckle, I mean 80% of them are sweethearts, seriously. They are great to have around but the other 20% of the Gronckles are lazy and grouchy like Mudcap out on the Berries house; Mudcap likes to tease birds, mostly robins.

Zipplebacks are friendly and very amusing to watch, especially when they're fighting over fish. Zibbleback's have two heads, one spills gas while the other lights it. Unlike the Gronckles pretty much every Zibbleback you come across will be chirpy and happy-go-lucky as you could properly tell with Plu and Min in the Village. Plu and Min are actually young teenagers and like to explore the village, sometimes taking - stealing - fish from stalls. We've actually got two or three Snaptrappers on the island, you'd see them every now and then. Like the Zippleback they have four heads with three jaws and fork like tails.

Then we have the sly and slick and sometimes very-very annoying Terrible Terrors. Their small but deadly and yet cuddly. It's true, they can be very terrorizing and tried to take over the village more than once, but the complete truth is that they just loved to be pampered, smothered in kisses and hugs. In the village you'd probably see them with children or woman, mostly woman though when they're not trying to cause trouble of course.

We come to the chicken-like dragons that love to have their tail spike cleaned. Deadly Nadders. They're normally this bright blue color but recently we've been getting white and pink baby Nadders around. Like I've said they love to have their tails cleaned, they also like having their spikes on top of their heads massaged and when they go on rampage the first thing you do is check the inner wing pads. Sometimes they get dirt or wood stuck in those pads and that sets them on rampages. Nadders are fast and sometimes dangerous if you're a stranger but to befriend one is to simply bow and wait. You'll feel the soft brush of their nose on top of your head and once you've straighten back up, the Nadder will bow to you like a horse.

Fast, springy and dangerous, it's the Grapple Grounder. They prefer to stay in caves though and only sometimes come to the village, mostly taking Peaches and Sora back after they sometimes mountain gilde into their nest. It's actually an amusing scene to see Grandpa come to the village holding Peaches and Sora by his mouth. Grandpa is the name to the oldest Grapple Grounder in their nest; he's nice and friendly and tries hard to give good examples to the younger excited Grapple Grounders around which is hard when Peaches and Sora crash into their nests.

Don't go out to forest late at night. Unless you want to get on the Smothering Smokebreath's nerves, then go straight on. Smothering Smokebreaths are seen sometimes in trees and bushes, during the day they are very friendly and little territorial. Okay so their very territorial but that isn't the point. Strangely, they love to have bathes, isn't that funny? To befriend one during the day is to give them a something shiny or simply offer to bath them but be warned, offer to bath one you're offering to bath them all and there's about a couple hundred on the island. Again, at night it isn't the best time to befriend them since they hunt at night and look for shiny things in the forest, at night it's their territory.

Every now and then we get the couple lighting dragons from above the clouds. They land here to mate and such, we've long learnt they're called Skrill. They're very secretive and are known to ride lighting bolts like air torpedoes. They sometimes guide the outer bounds of the storm. They're hard to befriend since most of the time they're here is for mating. They hide out at the top of mountain, but on rare cautions they'd land for simple things like water or food. To befriend them then is to offer a bucket of sheep, rabbit and carrots. Yes they like fish, but these three things are their favorite and the easiest way to a dragon's heart is through their stomach.

A Timberjack is the type of dragon which is gigantic and appears to look like Monstrous Nightmare, sometimes the Timberjack is confused with said dragon. With its razor sharp wings, it's difficult to befriend; only when it's calmed down and had woken up from a very

good nap they'd probably let you get close enough to befriend it. Since they don't have any arms or legs, the best way to befriend it is to rub its belly and then scratch its back since the Timberjack can't do either one; if you've done that then you have a very close friend.

The dragons that like to lay in the straw are very high and prideful. Their known as the Monstrous Nightmare. Again, they're very prideful and they have the power to cover themselves in fire, I mean completely, they set their selves on fire. But what about the straw they're always on?

Well we get plenty of straw, Monstrous Nightmare like to burn it. They love the smell so they're always found on the straw. By nature, the Monstrous Nightmare is fearless and proud, they're somewhat one of the strongest dragons around and they know it. To befriend one to show it the respect it deserves, and the spot right above it's nose, gently stroke it. Another thing you could use when befriending a Monstrous Nightmare is to tell it fearless and sometimes horror stories. Mostly about themselves as heroes and such. Firefly is actually one of the oldest Monstrous Nightmares in our village. She doesn't really burn the straw as much as other Nightmares and she acts like an nagging old woman now that I think about it.

Hiding out in the storm most of the time is the Thunder Drum. They're dragons that have stubby legs and long skinny tails, when they open their enormous mouths they show a series of teeth inside. Thunder Drums look after each other, when one is hurt the other would search for food and water for it. And if you're trusted the Thunder Drum will come to you, even if its friend is on the other side of island, if it's hurt they'd go to the first person they trust which is mostly the village Healer. To befriend one is to feed it crabs or fish, that would be the first step and next would be to gently wash its chin and then if you're lucky it'll hold great respect, if not then you'd properly be distant friends which could grow close.

The Whispering Death lives in the old caves that run underneath the village. They sometimes come up to have their teeth brushed, never and I mean never lock them in metal. It's one of the only things that they can't get through but they will try, they won't give up and this will end with them losing their teeth and that will be resulted in something very-very deadly. Betty, the Whispering Death that comes to the village a lot with her children loves to have her teeth brushed and slowly her children have been coming on their own to have their teeth brushed. Betty was befriended by the Villages teeth-cleaner.

I find Changewings to be annoying yet sometimes fun to be around. They have the ability to change into things, it's amazing really when their not using it for mysteries of course.

Hidden right at the back of the forest lives a small family, the only family of the Typhoons. What we've actually recently learned is that one had found itself on a small island and was renamed a Typhoomerang. Strange isn't it? Anyway the Typhoons are special type of breed; while flying they spin at high speeds with bright colors that's like fireworks. They tend to be very bright colors and it takes a lot to befriend them; you'd been making a lot spicy food, a lot. The small family on the island is SnapperJack and SnapperSap with their four children SnapperLilly, SnapperZap, SnapperJim, and SnapperHicks.

Deep in the whirlpools and only coming out when they feel like it, is the Sculdrons or Swimmers as we nicknamed the two who had come onto the island's shores last summer. Instead of breathing fire, they have the ability to scald their unlucky victims. The best way to befriend them to bring them a rather large bucket of raw fish and oleanders. They also love having their necks and snouts rubbed gently.

A deep, pitch black dragon that uses bones to cover its body is called the Boneknapper. Everyone at one point thought they were legends, not real. On our island Boneknappers are actually very common around the village, they love to sleep in the right places, out in the sun with a little snow touching them. They're fun to befriend, they just want to play. They like games but when it's need they will fight back and they are very-very dangerous, so never get on the bad side of a Boneknapper, never! Jimsnaps is a Boneknapper that belongs to my father, he sleeps inside our home. Jimsnaps is one of the smallest dragons compaired to normally grown Boneknapper. I'm not really sure what's wrong with him, he just about reaches the top shelf in the kitchen, yep. Jimsnaps is the smallest Boneknapper I've meet.

There are even more greater dragons around, but my favorite would have to be my very own partner. On my island there is a small coven right in the middle of the forest, it's half hidden underneath the mountain and has the best spot for laying the sun and not being snowed on. This coven belongs to one of the special dragon breeds.

It's custom that when a Viking on our island turns 5, they'll get pushed to go out of the village and into the dragons nests. As you've properly already guessed dragons won't attack you unless you're not of the island, so it's actually fine. Anyway, when you're five years old, you'll get pushed to find your dragon partner.

I was pushed towards the Montrose Nightmare nest by my father in hopes I would get one of the strongest dragons, it was believed the dragons that are farther out, the stronger ones, the special breeds I wouldn't be able to handle, of course I showed them different but me being five years old I went the way I thought my 'Daddy' wanted me to go.

I walked up to the nest of the crimson dragons, but when I saw a full grown one that noticed me, I screamed and ran in the opposite direction. Funny isn't it? I've been around dragons since I was born and when I saw fall grown Nightmare I screamed. But anyway, I ended running down into a small cave, of course I legged it out of there when I saw the dragons inside; I was terrified and I ran from every single dragon I came across.

Getting tired, I wobbled towards a certain coven and peered in. I couldn't see any dragons which I was surprisingly grateful for and stepped in. Yes, no dragons but lots and lots of rocks, even strange pitch black rocks I've never seen before, ones that looked like the night sky. I pushed the thought away and walked towards a pond in it and peered in. I couldn't understand why my father sent me out here, I wanted my mother and I remembered crying, rocking myself.

It was only when I felt soft breath on my back did I freak out again, I spun around to look for anything but found nothing. I tried to look

about but found nothing, only black rocks. I only noticed later that every time I turned around I would hear a soft scraping sound of paws beating against ground and I finally realized whatever it was, it was always behind me never in front of me.

I soon found out whatever was watching me began to follow me everywhere around the coven, whenever I felt it I would turn only to hear something quickly hide. Later I realized it hid behind me, like a little kid who would pock you on the shoulder and quickly stand behind you, only this happen with a dragon and not a human.

Of course I ended up playing with it, it didn't really sink in that it could be a dragon at the time, now thinking back on it, it was pretty obvious. After awhile, I finally caught it out; I held my hands out and counted softly before spinning around only to meet surprised big blue eyes that leaped back a little.

I froze in shock and fear when I realized my new friend was dragon. Stepping away from it, I shuddered when the creature slowly crept towards me. It was dark, very dark like the night sky. Patches of blue here and there, but mostly black, only bright blue eyes stared at me innocently. It was the same height as me back then, its long black wings stood on its back, its face remained me of a cat.

Cooing. I heard soft cooing and that's when I slowly began to calm down and when I felt it suddenly nuzzle my cheek I smiled and gently stroked the dragon's head. I found out that it was a boy and it wasn't much later when I found out that all those black stones were actually older dragons in a some sort of hidden-state. One by one, they began to unwrap themselves, all of them were beautiful. A few gave me a knowing look before they carried on with whatever they were doing. Some hanged up side down on tree, a few went into the pond while others played in tall swishy grass and I found my new friend had a soft spot underneath his chin.

Later that day, I tried to go home and noticed my friend had begun to follow me home. At first I thought my father would be disappointed in me for bringing such a strange looking dragon but surprisingly he was actually quite the opposite. Actually the whole village was very proud of me, it made me feel very warm and I looked at the dragon in the eyes and I knew he felt it too.

"Roxie."

And from that day on, my partner was named Roxas, Roxie or simply Rox but my favorite nickname for my best friend in whole world was Roxie. I soon found out he was the breed Child of Storm or Night Fury.

It soon seemed that the Satoshion family was gifted for Night Furies. Peaches went out and came back with another baby Night Fury clinging to her back with bright purple eyes and she then ended up naming him Sora.

Since that day, Roxas and I have never been apart.

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><p>So? What yah think? I'd love to know. </p>

2. Chapter 2

_**Note: Hey Everyone! This is my very-first story so I hope you guys won't be too harsh on me XD. The idea came from the series with Heather. I thought 'What would it be like if they met somebody who has great information on dragons, somebody who has a greater Dragon Book' and boom this was born. Since I'm a yaoi nut lol It's HiccupXOC
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**Enjoy**

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><p>Chapter 1<p>

Huffing softly, I walked past the awaking village. I smiled and greeted the passing Vikings. Women who had began to put out the bread, men behind meat stalls. Even the small children who ran over to me and asked if they could play with Roxas.

The large blue eyed dragon who is trailing along behind me snorted at the request. My eyes flickered to him and then back down to the small group of children who stared with wonder up at the black dragon, the light shined off his black back. Making a soft snarl, the dragon turned to stalk away.

Gasping, I grabbed his tail and yanked as hard as my weak arms could. "And where do you think you're going?" I asked and pouted at the look he gave me. I yelped loudly when he whipped his tail and knocked me over. I whimpered as my backside hit the ground and I shuddered before looking up at Roxas who made a laugh-like sound. Whining softly, I moved to push myself up only to have the ground shake, my knees buckled and I almost fell straight back if Roxas didn't leap forward and uses his head to catch me.

"Now you catch me." I snorted softly and ignored the soft whine from Roxas, patting his head I shrugged. Roxas was playing but the earth-shake was from the many Whispering Death underneath us; it only shakes like this when one or two had decided to come up to have their teeth brushed.

The small children whined, they shacked and turned their heads a little and suddenly began to laugh widely. Tilting my head, I grunting a little at the bright yellow dragon landing by us on top of a nice patch of grass and snow, its stomach sank a little and the children ran towards it wiggling their hands a little. "Amber." They squealed running towards the dragon.

Amber looked up at the children lazily, she made a soft purring sound as they began to scratch her back. Roxas made a soft sound before beginning to nudge me away from the Timberjack having a back scratch. Whining a little, I looked down at Roxas who kept glancing at the children before nudging its head into my back with a 'Quick, before they notice' expression.

"Okay-Okay! Roxas stop." I squealed almost stumbling over my feet. I

suddenly felt as if the dragon was grinning creepily at me. He probably is, my dragon really is a bastard, always teasing me.

Sighing softly, I climbed up the stones and gazed over the steps up at the great hall. Grunting even more, I shoved the door open and slipped in. The hall was rather large with many long wooden tables that held cups and plates, stalls lines on each sides. A rather large golden fireplace stood at the top of the hall that held a young baby Nightmare inside called Flames 'cause that little dragon couldn't turn off his fire coat. It cuddled up in the ashes and napped, its body allowed the heat to dance around its small body.

A middle-aged woman sat up by the fireplace. She had long deep black hair in twin plaits that almost brushed the ground, a rather long brown staff tapped against the ground gently as she rocked softly. Dressed in in a long light purple dress which had white fur rings.

Smiling, I moved to walk towards her when I heard a rather loud whine from behind me. Tilting my head back, I watched as the doors scuffled a little as loud thumps came from behind them. Sighing, I really wonder if Roxas hit his head when he was young? Walking towards it, I tugged the doors open and held it open for the black Night Fury which snorted and walked past with his head held high. Snorting myself I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms slightly "Your welcome, royal snobby-pants."

Roxas glared lightly at me and I walked towards the old woman, Roxas following me with narrowed blue eyes. Ruffling the back of my head, I bowed in respect. "You called for me?"

The old woman slowly raised her tired eyes and looked at me with glint in her old eyes. She gave me a gentle and warm smile, her fingers tapped softly against a rather large book. My eyes flickered to it, it was thick with an green cover, before they flicked back up at the woman and I tilted my head in confusion before jumping a little when she slid it across the table to me.

I stared at the book, the green sewn cover which had a strange dragon like pattern stitched into the cover. Old yellow pages stuck out and like I've said, it's rather thick, thicker then most books I've seen. Flicking my eyes back to the old woman, I tilted my head a little once more and watched as she nodded to the book. "Y-You want me to.." I trailed off and touched it lightly, it felt rough in my hands, flicking over the cover I lightly trailed my hand over the strange pattern cover, my fingers fingered the golden words sewn into the page.

The Dragon Guide

Keep the Secrets Inside

Written by JazLin

JazLin? The first Island's Healer, the woman who travelled the beaches and come across the wounded dragon. My eyes flickers down at Roxas who stared up at me with curiosity, he made soft clicks of his tongue and his eyes kept flickering down to the book and back to me once more. Smiling softly, I gently petted him on the head. "It's the

Island's Book of Dragons." I explained and watched his eyes widen a little before cooing loudly.

Looking back at the woman, I closed the cover and nipped at my top lip. "W-Why are you showing me this? I t-thought the book was f-for private eyes only.."

Chuckling, the woman nodded a little and slipped her staff into her other hand and twirled it around, she made soft taps with her the staff and looked back at me like that explained it all.

Gapping a little, I watched as the woman stood and wobbled towards the doors; she sent me a soft smile before disappearing through the doors. I simply stared blankly, I rubbed my eyes and looked down at Roxas "â€I guessâ€We're allowed to look.." I mumbled and chuckled as Roxas made a noise and nodded his head eagerly.

"Alright Bud. Let's go check it out."

Roxas cooed and followed me towards the door, he butted it open and made a rather loud sound as it swung open before he trotted through and used his tail to keep it open for me. I slipped through the doors and smiled, I tugged the book into my arms and began to step down the stairs when we heard loud laughing.

Turning my head a little, I stared blankly as Peaches appeared by Firefly's straw bed, the yellow straw stuck out of her peachy hair as Sora rolled out from the straw with said straw up his nose. My eyes flickers up the mountain and sighed "Mountain Gliding again." I sighed and listened to Roxas who made soft clicks with his tongue and snorted softly. Grinning I nudged him with my hip. "Don't tell me you wanna have a go."

Roxas pouted, he looked at me and sneered a little before dropping down the stairs. Laughing I followed my dragon. "Don't worry Bud. We'll go Mountain Gliding soon. I promise." I smiled as Roxas makes a coo and looks back at me happily.

"Mornin~ Mudcap." I greeted the grouchy Gronckle on a straw house; said dragon snorted at us and basically ignored us. Shrugging I followed Roxas towards the end of the village, we greeted passing Vikings and their dragons before we came to the Night Fury Coven.

It was just as I remembered, it was large with flowers, white grass was everywhere, a rather large pond in the middle melting snow in places and a rather large patch of sun, a few small black rocks rolled around. Baby Night Furies, the grown up ones gave us a look before doing their business, we come here so often they don't always need to check, they can sense me which is pretty cool.

Looking at Roxas, I smiled and rested against him before looking to skies and watched as a bunch of Night Furies claimed the skies above us, teaching youngsters to fly and such; it was truly an amazing sight. One of my favourite places on the Island. Shaking my head, I pushed off Roxas and carefully climbed down the rocks, Roxas quickly followed and made sure that I didn't end up falling straight on my face, which I would if it wasn't for him.

Once we touched the bottom, Roxas quickly began to heat the ground to make himself comfortable. Once he was settled, I quickly sat down and

laid against him, I felt his wing open a little. Smiling, I fingered the cover of the book before I tugged it open and flipped to the first page.

The book was filled with things. The first few pages was on JazLin. Who was JazLin, when she was a child and what she witnessed, how she became the villages healer and what she saved us from. I couldn't bare the thought of fighting Roxas let alone other dragons. Other pages were on little things like her family; the next couple of pages was about her encounter with Star Flicker. The dragon she found on the beach that day, once she was an old woman who had become respectfully Healer. Star Flicker was a dragon I've never heard of; it was long, a lot like a cross between Night Fury and a Deadly Nadder, completely white and looked like a star in the sky, it amazed me and it would seem she amazed JazLin who ended up turning our village from killing dragons to living along side them. The book spoke of her journey of recording things about her new fire breathing friends, it then said in bold letters that the book was passed on down to each Heir of the village who added things about dragons until the book was almost completely filled.

It spoke of many dragons, dragons that lived on the island, dragons that visited in summer, in winter, every week, every month, every _year_. Half of these dragons I'd never heard of, dragons that sheds straw, sheds leaves. Dragons that hide in bee-nests have yellow and black stripes from spending so much time with the bugs, dragons that sleep for years at the bottom of the ocean. Dragons that sleep right in the middle of a valley but are unseen, how? They _grow flowers from their backs!_ That's right! They grow plants on their backs, they have no wings they have flowers.

"It's amazing.." I muttered closing the book. It was amazing, filled with secrets things only somebody truly close to a dragon would know. Sighing softly, I also know how much danger this book could bring if it lands in the wrong kind of hands. Groaning, I looked up at the skies. "Hey. Roxasâ€|.What do you think of me becoming the next Healer?" I wondered and pouted when said dragon snorted right on my head and head butted me "Not a good idea, ne?"

Sighing, I pushed myself up and held the book firmly in my hands before stretching my arms over my head, the book still in hand. "Ahh!" I moaned listening to the soft popping in my hands when suddenly I heard shrieks. Opening my eyes a little, I looked around and noticed the adult Night Furies hissing and preparing to protect their air when a Gronckle appeared. Poor guy, he must have gotten lost. Oh wait! He's coming my way, the Gronckle lets out a cry, it shrieks and suddenly tumbled above me, battering its wings hard.

I watched it as it flies higher and higher before I noticed something. My hands feel much lighter and there's nothing in them. Gasping, my eyes widen and look up at the Gronckle to see the book being clenched tightly in its paws; he probably hasn't even noticed he's taken it. "Roxas." I called, firmly, well as high as my voice could go. The dragon looked up at me lazily, I tugged him up and ignored his whine and grunt as I climbed into his back and pointed at the fleeing dragon. "Roxas! He has the book."

Almost as if he understood, the dragon's blue eyes narrowed and his wings stretched out. I held tightly and crouched, in a matter of seconds we were in the air. A rather large bust of wind shot around

the ground, dirt and dust blasted everywhere as Roxas kicked from the ground with so much force that the ground shook. I loved flying with Roxas, it makes me feel as if we're one being, the wind rushing through my hair. Yep it's the best feeling in the world and as the bond between dragon and rider grows the stronger they are together.

Tightening my legs, I pushed forward as Roxas suddenly twirled around, his tail straightening out to gain more speed. I could feel my cheeks flap a little before he ducked slightly and stopped. "Where's the Gronckle?" I gasped, turning around a little to look behind. I couldn't spot the dragon anywhere, how can I lose him in five minutes, he was right in front of us.

Suddenly Roxas let out shriek and charged forward, I had to slam my hands against his shoulders to keep from being thrown off. Squinting my eyes, I could see the faint outline of the dragon fluttering away. My dragon roared and flapped his wings with so much force I could hear the sound of them moving. We lurched forward, his wings straightened out to glide a little before flapping his wings once more.

The Gronckle let out a loud shriek, his body shuddered and he lurched forward before he flew straight into the swirling blackness.

Widening my eyes, I yanked as hard as I could on Roxas's horn-plates causing the said dragon to cry, his body shuddering backwards as he came to stop and glared a little up at me to ask 'why'd you stop me'. Breathing softly, I stared straight ahead before I glanced behind us to see the island quite far away, we must have passed the flags. My eyes flickered down at the calm seas, the whirl-pools are on the other side of the storm for the humans brave enough to travel through the thundering storm that shoots lighting bolts at the waters. Both help to hide the island from unwanted attention, both shield circles around the island, covering it from all angles.

And to make things worse, the Gronckle has decided to leave the island's reach.

Whining, Roxas swirled around, his long black wings straightening out as his tail flicked from side to side. I gently rubbed the tip of his head, staring at the black clouds. I've never been on the other side, I've lived my whole life on the island and have never even thought about crossing the clouds but now. "M-Maybe we should go back!" I mumbled and yelped when Roxas snorted and bounced me up and down a little. "We can't! We aren't allowed to pass!" I snapped at him, shaking a little.

He really wants to pass through the storm!

With another sneer, Roxas looked back at me with an expression that clearly read 'The book?' He cooed and flickered back around to look at the storm clouds. Groaning softly, I softly placed my forehead against the black scales. "We have to get it back!" I sighed softly pushed myself back up straight and rubbed my hand gently against the black scales.

Nodding my head a little, I tapped my fingers against Roxas's head. "Alright. Just a q-quick peek to get the book b-back.." I mumbled

softly and smiled as Roxas made an excited blast of purple flames. Shifting myself, I gently kicked my heel against his side. "Let's go."

Roxas let out loud and mighty roar; he pulled his black paws up his wings beat hard gaining the wind around us to bust into life. His body shuddered before he shot forward, I clenched my eyes closed tightly as I felt my body flinch at the incredible coldness wrap around me, tugging on my body but I stayed close to Roxas. The clouds blocked my view, it was dark, black and grey, every now and then a flash of light, orange and yellow would zip around us.

Narrowing missing a lightening bolt, Roxas twirled around upside down. I almost slid straight off if he didn't quickly right himself. Looking up a little I watched Skrills move about, their beautiful long wings moving as they rode the bolts.

My dragon let out a rather loud shriek and ducked underneath a bolt, his wings stretched wide out. He fluttered around a couple bolts, I lost count how many time we've almost been hit.

And just as I thought we were in the clear, Roxas bellowed out a rather loud cry. He flipped forward with more shrieks, I tightened my grip on the dragon and gasped as I smelt smoke, like burnt bread. I felt Roxas flinch and I noticed he had trouble flying. My eyes widen and I looked behind me to see a red mark on his tail. "Shit." I gasped, pushed Roxas in the middle of his shoulder blades. "We need to get out of here!"

His tail flicked a little before Roxas lurched down. We rushed straight down, clouds passed us, we flickered around the blots before he tilted up and twilled around before stopping upright. Breathing softly, I blinked a little and gently rubbed his scales, we almost landed in a whirl-pool but thankfully Roxas pulled up and forward. I leaned forward and rested my hands against the scaled back. Maybe it was a bad idea.

Rolling my eyes, I snorted softly. Of cause it was a bad idea, when is any of my ideas good? Tilting my head back a little, I looked at Roxas tail. "Are you alright? Can you still fly?" I asked softly, it wasn't so bad. A few scales was missing, a small red mark but that was it. Roxas made a rather loud shriek, he raised his wings and stretched them out wide before he flapped them and we rocketed forward.

Gasping, I crouched down and looked up a little. My eyes widen as I saw faintly the Gronkle. Roxas let out a hiss and speed up a little as if this was his answerer to my questions. I smiled as we began to gain up on it, the overweight dragon wobbled side to side, trying to move faster and I briefly wondered how did it get through the storm with out being hit.

Squealing and snorting, the Gronkle fluttered around. We approached it closely, almost touching it. Roxas swung his body forward to catch the dragon when suddenly the book slipped from his claws; gasping I reached out for it and cheered as I caught it and wrapped my arms tightly around the book, pressing it against my chest.

"No!" Crying out, I reached out as I felt myself slid of Roxas back. Gasping, I felt the air rush up my back as I headed for the water,

Roxas shrieked and flicked the Gronckle away before ducking for me. Whining, I closed my eyes and breathed in a deep breath as I felt water spray everywhere.

My body shuddered and flinched, I felt cold water dig at my skin, my hair fluttered around as I opened my eyes a little and stared at the bright bubbles above me. It was beautiful, the sun lit up the water making it shine.

I briefly wondered if this was it. The secrets of my home lost at sea as I suck deeper and deeper into the water.

And then?

Everything blacked out.

The only thing I remembered before the darkness was the form of Roxas above me.

* * *

><p>So? What yah think? I'd love to know. _

3. Chapter 3

**Note: Hey Everyone! This is my very-first story so I hope you guys won't be too harsh on me XD. The idea came from the series with Heather. I thought 'What would it be like if they met somebody who has great information on dragons, somebody who has a greater Dragon Book' and boom this was born. Since I'm a yaoi nut lol It's HiccupXOC **

**My Lovely beta who worked to edit this is Tomoyo-chan, so everyone thank her. **

**Enjoy**

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><p>Chapter 2<p>

Pain.

My head hurts, painfully in fact. My body shuddered and flinched as the dull pain ran up and down my body; I felt something warm and soft underneath me.

What was I doing? Where was I? Where _am_ I? Groaning softly, my eyes felt heavy and it took me awhile to open them. Of course my eyes just wanted to close once more but I forced them open, looking but not seeing.

Flinching a little, I let out a soft whimper and tilted my head to look at my sides. My arms are laying limp at my sides, I tried desperately to move them only to notice I couldn't. Eyes widening, I rolled my head to the other side and tried to lift them up once more. My heart thumped harshly against my chest and my eyes started to sting; I struggled to catch my breath.

Suddenly I felt a pair of soft yet old hands touched my right shoulder. I gasped and found myself calming down, gulping a little, breathing softly to catch breath. I raised my eyes to look at the blurry object above me; I narrowed my eyes a little and tried to make out the person. Whining softly, I felt the hand move from my shoulder onto my forehead and I heard soft tapping like a staff gently hitting the ground and I suddenly felt a tugging on my mind and I found myself following it into sleepiness.

~#~#~#~

Voices. I heard a couple of voices, two? No three different voices! No it was two male voices, it's strange. They're talking about somebody, washed up on the island's shore? Hmm? I wonder who's that? Did somebody get past the shields? Who is so stupid enough to pass through the storms and the whirl-pools?

Shifting, just a little, I was suddenly overboard with such pain. It ran up and down my back, tingling my toes all the way up to the tip of my fingers. My body screamed at me something was wrong. I tried to think, I tried to look back on what may have happened but I came up blank. My muscles tensed and flexed uncomfortably, I tried to suck in a breath, but found myself biting my lip to seal my painful moans, I bit it so hard that I tasted the musky copper of blood as gripping pain stiffened me once more.

I forced myself to calm. I tried to reason with myself, I must have went Mountain Gliding with Peaches and crashed into a tree. Even if I was good at gliding, it's the only answer I could come up with but I have no memory of climbing the mountain with my adorable little orange colored sister.

But that didn't stop the new world around me from becoming astoundingly clear. The pain subsided slowly to a dull ache under the suddenly noticed bandages around my stomach. My eyes felt heavy, I hissed through clenched teeth and sighed as the pain melted into this dull numbing sensation wrapped around my body. I slowly breathed through my nose and felt the slight pain slowly, very slowly slip away into that sensation and when I felt hardly anymore pain, I allowed myself to try and force my eyes open.

The first thing I noticed was a mucky colored cycling above me. Wood and stone, beams and such. I stared at the beams, counting the small detailed markings. I really admired it, whoever did that was very talented. The next thing I noticed was the bed I was on, it was rather large, long and wide. Soft feathered pillows nuzzled my head as green and blue blankets covered my body.

Lowering my eyes down myself, making extra care to not move my body, I peered down myself and noticed the blankets rested lightly against my chest. My chest was covered in pure white bandages, but my shoulders, they're bare. I realized I couldn't feel the normal texture of my clothing.

I'm naked!

Gasping a little, I flinched a little at the aching pain that ripped up a little. I rested against the pillow and waited for the pain to slowly melt away once more; once it did, I tilted my head a little. The room I was in was rather large, a wooden bowl stood on the bed

stand, cloth hanging over the edge with jars around the bowl. A chair or two was placed next to the bed, shelves with more strange jars and I found myself looking out the window to see endless water, no black clouds, no whirling pools.

I'm not on my island!

My eyes widen more at the realization. What had happen? What did I do? "R-Roxas?" I called and noticed my throat was rough and raw like I haven't ever used it before. It was quiet, barely above a whisper. I panicked, looking for my black scaled friend; he's never been away from me, even when he had mating season he stayed at my side. He slept by the side of my bed, sometimes on my bed with me, where was he? Roxas? I tried to call him again, but I only got the same result.

Suddenly the voices became painfully obvious to me, they're talking about _me!_ I washed up on the shore of this island! More panic. I'm on a strange island, my body feels like I've been stabbed, Roxas is no where to be seen and I can't remember what happen last night!

I tried to move, I tried to shift myself up, my mind willing with panic when I suddenly felt a soft hand touch my bare shoulder. My head snapped around in a panic; I calmed almost instantly when I meet a pair of old but yet familiar middle aged eyes. A village Healer? I wondered as she smiled softly at me, her long grey hair like a river ran over her shoulders, a familiar staff in her right hand as her left hand guided me back down into the pillows. She gently rubbed my shoulder to show she meant to harm, her old eyes flickers up to the other side the room.

I realized I was nested in a Healer's hut, the room was almost like ButterCup's back at home, her hut held such medications just like this hut.

Following her gaze, I found two stocky men. I froze in fear, they looked as if they would cause me harm. The woman, almost like sensing my fear, gently petted me on the head.

One man was rather beefy. He had a frizzy red beard with matching frizzy red hair in a bun. His large pulsing muscles stood prideful as his deep green eyes stared at the old woman before turning his attention to the other man. Dressed green, black and yellow ropes, I noted his clothing are like Rough's, our island's chief. Could this man be the chief of this island?

The other man was slightly smaller, his stomach poked out of his white cotton shirt, it raised a little as he wobbled around. His right brown pant leg rolled up a little, showing a metal leg that shined in light as well as his right arm, which was replaced with a metal stub that reminded me of the men back home who would use their metal stubs to connect weapons.

His long white hair ruffled a little as he tilted his head. "Oh. This is a tricky message." He mumbled to himself, tilting his head more. "She says he's in great soresâ€|errâ€|pain sorry."

The red head man groaned, he slaps his forehead and shacks his head a little. "Gobber! I know that! I can see that!" He muttered, waving his hands at me, his eyes soften a little as he looks at me. "I want

to know if he was attacked!"

"Oh-Oh!" The one named Gobber gasped, his eyes widening a little and looked to the Healer to repeat what the man said only to have the woman roll her eyes and tap the ground with her staff. "She says she's not deaf.." Gobber chuckled and leaned forward a little as she began to tap a little more. "His wounds aren't too bad. It's unclear if he was attacked, maybe just an deadly accident."

"Hmm~" The red frizzy man placed his hand to his chin. I flickered my eyes up at the Healer as she placed a wet cloth on my forehead. "He's not from Berk, I think I would remember somebody the same age of my son."

"That and the fact there is only six teenagers in Berk."

"Gobber!"

I found myself snickering lightly as the two older men bickered about petty things; they somehow came off the topic of me and onto the topic of their village. I smiled lightly and glanced up at the Healer who had an annoyed expression on her face like they've done this more then once before suddenly raised her staff and whacked both men on the head.

"Gothi!" The men held their heads and looked at the old woman who gave them a look that made any words they wanted to say die in their mouths. Letting out a soft grunt, the woman tapped her staff against the ground, her eyes narrowed at the two men.

Gobber, his stomach rumbled a little as he watched the staff. "Ah. She says, she doesn't believe he's a threat. She believes he must have been apart of a ship wreck. There was massive proportions of sea water in his lungs, it was good that Bucket and Munch found him when they did or he would haveâ€¦I don't get it.." He mumbled making the woman roll her eyes and tap her staff more. "Oh. Or he would have died."

My eyes widen, I would have _died_? I don't remember _leaving_ my island, let alone dipping into the ocean. My heart thumped harshly, this is all to much. I have to find Roxas. Growling softly, I pushed myself up and flinched at the stomach wrenching pain.

"Ah. No-No. You need to lay back down." The man named Gobber gasped, I found him pushing against my shoulders but I tried to stay up and fought him making the man chuckle. "You sure are a feisty one."

I glared up at him, I felt frustrated as I was laid back down.

"He defiantly has Viking in him." The red-head man smiled a little, arms crossed over his chest, nodding his head a little in agreement with his thoughts. "I suppose he can stay here. Gothi?" He called, turning to the wise old woman. "Do you mind looking after him?"

My eyes widen even more, no, _no_ I can't stay here. I've got things to do, I need to find Roxas, go home, Peaches need me. She might be alright with Aunt Pealing, but she still needs me. Don't you understand I have things to do?

"His stubborn too." Gobber commented, watching me try to push myself up once more. "I think he might fit in very well. If he isn't scared of our pests of cause."

That made me well in curiosity, what pests are they talking about? I know Vikings are at war with dragons outside our village, is that what they're talking about? Oh god! They don't expect me to actually _kill_ a dragon do they? Just the thought made me want to cry, I've lost my best friend and now I'm being wanted to _kill_ dragons_. _Dragons!_ I've lived with them all my life, I can'tâ€¦I can't do that!

"Maybe we should keep in doors until he's ready to face the truth about our island." The red-head man mumbled softly, closing his eyes in thought. For a few seconds his eyes stayed closed before they opened and looked at me. "Well then. Introductions are in order. I'm Stoick, the chief of Berk."

My eyes widen, Stoick? As in Stoick the Vast? One of the greatest Dragons Killers in the century? Oh god! This just gets better and better. I felt like crying now; I'm really in a Dragon Murdering village, I can't believe this, what if they've killed Roxas?

I shook the thought away, I couldn't bear the thought of that. I closed my eyes a little, breathing softly before I re-opened my eyes and looked over at Stoick and Gobber. "I-I'm.." I tried to speak, my voice raw and scratchy, I would have laughed if I wasn't so terrified at the moment. Both men leaned forward to hear my quiet voice. "I-I'm..I'm..Zi-Zion.."

"Xion?" Gobber mumbled, looking at Stoick who shake his head. "No. It's Rion."

I found myself smiling as I watched the two bicker over my name. "Z-Zion." I repeated and groaned at the fact my voice wasn't as loud as I would have liked it. Noticing my distress, Gothi whacked them over the head with her staff once more and tapped my name out.

"Ah! Zion." Gobber asked, turning his attention to me. I nodded my head a little as Stoick walked towards me. "Zion then. Welcome to Berk, you'll be living with Gothi, our village Healer."

Gothi, Village Healer. I looked up at the woman, she smiled gently down at me, rubbing my shoulder and I felt calm. She's just like our own village Healer, ButterCup.

"Welcome to Berk."

* * *

><p>So? What yah think? I'd love to know.
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**Don't worry! Hiccup will be in the next chapter, I promise!**

4. Chapter 4

_**Note: Hey Everyone! This is my very-first story so I hope you guys

won't be too harsh on me XD. The idea came from the series with Heather. I thought 'What would it be like if they met somebody who has great information on dragons, somebody who has a greater Dragon Book' and boom this was born. Since I'm a yaoi nut lol It's HiccupXOC
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**I thank all the people who reviewed and pout at the ones who did not**

**My Lovely beta who worked to edit this is Tomoyo-chan, so everyone thank her. **

**Enjoy**

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><p>Chapter 3<p>

I hadn't really slept the past couple of days. It was hard with the worrying thought of being forced to slay a dragon running around my head. I watched every time my bandages had been replaced, Gothi was right. My wounds wasn't that bad, they weren't deep, in fact they've already started to heal. To say the truth, I'm now able to walk across the room with out hissing and stopping every moment in pain. I still flinch from the dull ache in my muscles, but it's not too bad.

I've been having daily visits from Gobber and every two days from Stoick. Both wanted to know about my '_shipwreck'. _In fear that they would look for my island, I had to cover it all up. So I had admitted I was in a 'shipwreck' and that we had crashed into an iceberg.

No matter how much I've tried, I couldn't remember anything but I was more worried about Roxas. I've got it in my head that he been killed by villagers and that thought terrifies me, to think I'd be living with the people who murdered my best friend.

Gothi had been very nice, she's been in my room whenever I was awake, most of the time she'd give me these strange looking herbs which made me sleepy. But now that I'm beginning to walk, she's been more into giving me herbs to help heal my wounds faster.

And today was the day, the day I was allowed to leave the safety of the room to explore the village; I am terrified of what I'll see.

Standing, facing the old door to her hut, I gulped a little. My clothing was returned, dry and soft; apparently when I was found they were ripped and soaked, Gothi had repaired them while I slept. My hands sweat a little as I shake in nerves, I licked my bottom lip a little and jumped as Gothi used her staff to gently push me towards the door.

Whining, I looked back at the woman and pouted at the look she gave me. I've also learnt not to fight with her, she's very firm in what she wants done and right now she wants me to leave the hut. Sighing in defeat, I slowly pulled the wooden door open and peeked out a little.

The first thing I saw was green. Lots and lots of grass spread

everywhere, flowers littered around the hut, the sky was bright blue, not a single cloud in it. Stepping out, my knees buckled a little as I allowed the door to slide closed behind me.

I looked down to the side of the hut and saw a dock, Gothi's hut must be placed right on the edge of the beach. How very appropriate. Turning my gaze to look up, I also noted the hut was at the bottom of a hill. This hill led straight up to a village. I stared at the village, many huts were placed around, sheep, cows and chickens were everywhere. Sighing softly, I looked at Gothi standing on her porch, she signaled me to go up to the village.

Grunting softly, I slowly began to follow the trail up to the village. I nervously tugged on my shirt, I circled my fingers around the clothing as I timidly stared up at the village, I glanced back at Gothi but she gave me a 'carry on' signal.

Sighing, I shuffled forward, my nervous riddled up as I stepped into the opening of the village and peered around. Vikings, villagers walked around, opening shops, bars flipping over signs from Open to Close, women placed out different types of food, young children ranging from 5 to 9 ran down towards a rather large hut, all dressed in the same type of clothing, women dressed in white walked around holding newborns. The village looked very-very happy, not a care in the world, it'd be very hard to believe this village was a dragon slayer village; the thought made me shudder.

I slowly walked along the village, eyeing many different villagers all of which would greet me kindly, I awkwardly greeted them back with a forced smile. I felt out of place even if the villagers are greeting me with open arms.

"Ah~ You're the boy from the shore." A voice said, I jumped a little and turned to look ahead of me. Two men stood in front of me, one taller then the other. The man who is tall has a long blonde beard, he wears a tunic with scale mail armor covering it under the belt, a small brown vest covered the top of his shoulders. Oh and he has a bucket on his head, strange right? The other Viking was short but quite fat, he has brown almost red beard that spread across his face, his clothing consisted of a green shirt with scale mail armor on it.

I glanced between the two before I tilted my head and forced a weary smile. "E-Excuse me?" I stuttered a little and flinched a little when the short red head suddenly slapped my back with a chuckle.

"Aye! We're the ones who found yah laid out on the sand." He smiled, his hair hidden underneath a grayish, greenish helmet.

The blonde haired male nodded and gently tapped his bucket. "Yup. Like a fish. Thought yah' dead at first until Gothi said you're only unconscious."

I thought for a moment before realizing these were the men that Gobber and Stoick told me about. "Bucket and Mulch?" I asked, feeling quite stupid for one man actually wore a bucket on his head; if Peaches was here she'd probably would have said a snappy comment about his bucket.

"Aye' Yah got it." The ruffled red head clicked his fingers a little.

"I'm Mulch and that's Bucket."

I snickered a little. "Why are you wearing a bucket?" I asked, eyeing the metal object on his head; he couldn't just be called bucket for wearing it, right?

Bucket made a wide eye expression before tapping his bucket. "Aye' head injury.." He mumbled before looking side to side and leaning forward, placing a hand to the side of his face like he was telling a secret. "Afraid' it'll attract lighting"

Pouting a little, I crossed my arms and tilted my head. "Why don't you just take it off?" I asked and jumped a little as Mulch placed his arm around my shoulders.

"The nitwit was hit with the bucket on making it stick to his head." He muttered softly, rolling his eyes a little. "Quite dim-witted' now."

I smiled a little, the two are quite amusing. I quickly shook my head and watched as the two spoke to each other, going from a augment to friend chatting and then playful swiping at each other. I raised my gaze to the sky and felt my chest tighten as I thought about my black best friend; I really do hope he hadn't crashed landed on the island.

"Aye.'" Jumping a little, I felt Mulch's arm tighten on my shoulders as he shooked me a little. "You alright mate? You look very down in the dumps."

I blushed a little and ruffled the back of my head, "Fine-Fineâ€|Just thinking."

"Ah Mulch. It's time." Bucket suddenly called, staring up at the blue skies.

"In coming!" Yelled a passing Viking, his arms above his head as he ran.

Pouting a little more, I was suddenly dragged towards shelter. "Must take cover." I frowned a little in confusion as Mulch moved his arm to tug out a wood beam and suddenly a strange material was above us and then suddenly... A familiar green shaped object fell from the sky; I heard lot of yelling and Vikings running for shelter just as it suddenly began to rain these objects.

Dragon Poo.

Peering out the shelter, my eyes widen as many and I mean many, hundreds, thousands even millions dragons flashed across the skies, my mouth gapped a little as I noticed not one Viking was running around holding an axe.

I heard Mulch began to chuckle, I looked up at him with wide eyes. "This island' no longer fights dragons lad. We befriended them." My eyes widen even more, shock, I felt incredible shock and surprise run through my body. They don't fight dragonsâ€|_They don't kill Dragons anymore!_ The thought made me smile.

Thenâ€|Then if Roxas is on this islandâ€|he isn't deadâ€|_He's

Alive!_

"Ohhhhh!" A another voice gasped and I was suddenly aware of another presence under the shelter with us. "Poop! Ah that's disgusting."

Rising my head a little, I shyly glanced at the new Viking. Well, I'm not sure if he is a Viking. The boy is the same height as me, maybe a little taller, a scrawny boy with ruffled chestnut hair that's cropped at the end, his face is a little childish *like mine sadly* with a dappling of freckles across his cheeks. He's dressed in a long green tunic that reaches mid-thigh, a fluffy brown body warmer which is just a little longer then his tunic with black leggings and one fluffy boot as I realized he has a metal leg.

The boy timidly looks at Mulch as I quickly dipped backward behind Bucket; thankfully he didn't notice me. "Hey Mulch. Sorry about theâ€¦" I glanced a little and almost laughed as he awkwardly pointed up at the poo.

Mulch sighed softly, his shoulder slumped a little. "Everyday at three. At least their regular, a tip of a cap." He shrugs and I quickly covered my mouth, I felt my cheeks puff out as I held in my laughter, poor Mulch if this is how he is around Dragon Poo he would last a day at home. The next line he said made me frown, my blood ran cold and I stared off with a daze. "Better then the days when it was kill or be killed.."

Suddenly I felt something shyly creep up my boot. Snapping my gaze down, I stared at the pair of bright orange eyes, my eyes widen a little in surprise at the Terrible Terror. It was long with a bright yellow body, spikes circled up its back as its fangs pointed out its mouth. The tiny dragon hissed a little but it quickly stopped as I rubbed on the spot that all Terrible Terror's love, the dragon's eyes widen before he purred and rubbed its head back.

I smiled and moved my hand, I watched as she - yes it's a girl it has a white patch on its nose, only female Terrible Terror's have that - crawled up my leg; leaped onto my arm and circled up my shoulder. She sniffed Bucket's arm, lowering her head along a wet brown bag and grumbling softly. She angled her head and suddenly opened her large mouth and snapped the bag. I watched in amusement as a fish fell out and landed on the ground, she looked down at it before glancing at me and leaping down to the fish, its tail slipped into her mouth and she began to drag it away, slowly, the fish was larger then her body.

"Give the boy his fish, Bucket."

My eyes bulged out as the man next to me held up his sopping brown bag which was ripped at the end by the female Terrible Terror. The blonde looked at the bag and pouts a little in confusion. "Did I have it? Oh did I enjoy it?" He asked and I almost laughed once more before poking him in the shoulder.

Bucket turned a little and looked at me, he tilts his head and I pointed out the female dragon dragging away the fish. "Well that isn't nice. Stealing my fishy." He grumbled at the dragon who hisses and pulls it around a house.

Placing my arms behind my back and rocked on the back of my heels. "Well~ At lest she appreciates it.." I shrugged timidly and smiled at his thoughtful expression.

I suddenly noticed a heavy gaze on me, I fought the need to look but found myself looking over at the boy. His eyes stared at me *they're green I noted* my own eyes flickered and I looked back ahead and jumped a little when I felt a hand on my shoulder turning me around. "You're that boy."

Laughing nervously, I nodded. "Yeah~ Nice to meet you~" I mumbled, looking at the freckled boy, whose eyes widened a little and stepped away timidly.

"Gha. Sorry." He gasped, straightening his back out. "I'm the Chief's son. Hiccup." He smiled and held out his hand to shake.

I stared at him and found myself amused. Hiccup? Well, that certainly explains a lot about him. I shook his hand a little shyly. "Err~ Well~ I'm Zion And I'm a wash-up.." I mumbled thoughtful, yeah. I'm a wash-up, I washed up on the shore.

Suddenly the boy, Hiccup, laughed at my dry joke. "Ah. Right. You washed up on the shore. I'm surprised you're already up and around." He smiled and turned his head a little. "I know it's a little strange for dragons to run around freely, but you'll get used to it."

If only you knew. I hummed a little and followed to look out at the now landed dragons. "I was surprised when it suddenly began to rain poo." I admitted with a soft snicker to which Hiccup smiled almost goofy at.

"Ah. You'll get used to that too. Everyday at three." He nodded his head, holding up three fingers and walked out a little and looked around before he looked back at me with that crooked, goofy smile. "You should come and meet the others. They'd love to meet another person, to be honest I was a little worried that you'd want to kill a dragon." He admitted and didn't notice that I flinched at his words. Me? Kill a dragon? To think I was worrying about that just a couple of hours earlier.

I was worrying that Roxas was~ well~ on this island. I was grateful he isn't on this island, but what if he is on another island? I quickly pushed the thought away, I didn't want anyone to notice I was getting depressed. It's the first time being separated from him, I hope he's alright.

Suddenly I heard a familiar cry. My head snapped up and saw a pitch black dragon, my heart jumped a little as it landed. At first I thought it was Roxas but the closer it got the more I got upset. It wasn't Roxas, for one this dragon was slightly bigger, meaning he was probably just leaving childhood or at least more than halfway through and the dragon's snout had its complete scales while Roxas' had just began to grow in and the other is that this dragon has green eyes and it has a metal wing.

I backed away a little as the dragon suddenly rounded on me, now I'd really-really would like Roxas to be here. The Night Fury crept towards me, sniffing, I found myself up against a hut with the dragon right in front of me, sniffing and goggling when suddenly Hiccup

grabbed his head and tugged him away. "Stop!" He ordered and the dragon quickly backed away with a expression like a kicked puppy; my guess is that the Night Fury is his dragon partner.

Hiccup gave me another crooked smile. "I'm sorry. He's never done that before.." He admitted, rubbing the back of his head in embarrassment. I nodded in understanding. I looked at his dragon and noticed he was staring at me but not in a harmful way but in a curious way, I simply stared back at him when I felt a hand on my shoulder and I looked back at Hiccup who laughed as he looked at his dragon. "It's strange isn't?"

I raised an eye brow in confusion "Is it?" I asked softly and watched as Hiccup walked towards the dragon and scratched him on the head.

"It's believed he's the last of his kind. No one has seen another Night Fury in years.." The boy admitted with a sorrow expression, petting the dragon on the head lovingly.

My eyes widen a little as it hit me like bullet. If that's true and not another Night Fury has ever decided to adventure out of my island then the reason why his dragon had acted like that was more then likely cause he could smell Roxas on me. I really wanted to tell the boy the truth, that there's actually a _whole_ coven of Night Furies but I wasn't sure how trustworthy the boy is, that and the fact it's forbidden to let out information about the island without the consent of the Chief.

And as you can see, my Chief isn't anywhere around here. Maybeâ€¦ Maybe one day I'll tell him the truth. If I can believe he could be trusted of course. Never can be too sure.

I watched almost sadly at the boy and his dragon, it made me miss Roxas a lot more and I bit my bottom lip from tearing up a little. "You can come over you know. Toothless won't hurt you."

Blinking a little, I looked at Hiccup and then at his dragon. "Toothless?" I repeated and realized maybe his teeth are not connected to the gum teeth Night Furries have.

Hiccup laughed, blushing a little. "Right. Toothless is the name of my dragonâ€¦ It's really complicated." He chuckled and signaled me to come closer. Shrugging off the fact I already know about Night Furries *he doesn't need to know that* I slowly walked towards him and gently touched the top of _Toothless_'s head and watched as he sniffed my stomach before letting out a purr.

"Whoa." Hiccup mumbled softly, blinking a little. "He likes you..Toothless normally doesn't let anyone touch him other then me. He would normally have tried to snap off your hand."

My eyes bulged a little. "Could have told me that before." I mumbled, glaring playfully at the boy who smiled and rubbed the back of his head in embarrassment.

"Sorry." He mumbled and turned his attention back to his dragon and eyed him. I glanced at him a little and quickly scratched in the spot a Night Fury _loves_. Hiccup watched in amazement as Toothless leaned into my hand more, purring louder then before.

"Ah! Zion!" I jumped again and mentally frown that many Vikings kept surprising me. Turning around I saw the frizzy red head man walking towards me. "Hiccup." He greeted softly nodding at the boy next to me.

"Hiâ€|Dad.." Hiccup mumbled a little awkward, his eyes shying away from his father to Toothless who let out a rumble as I stopped scratching him to look at the Chief.

"I'm glad to see yah' moving around, boy." Stoick nodded as Gobber peered over his shoulder and smiled a toothy smile.

"Aye~ And already made friends~" He chuckled nodding at the dragon and boy next me. I looked at the two and stumbled a little when Toothless suddenly but lightly and softly nudged his head against my hand with a whine. Smiling nervously, I scratched him in that spot on his head again.

Stoick watched with heavy eyes. "And it seems he had a away with the dragons, like you Hiccup." He said in his strong voice, turning his attention onto his small son who nodded almost eagerly.

"I know! It's amazing!" The boy admitted, almost excitedly.

Stoick chuckled and opened his mouth to speak when another voice cut him off. "Stoick!" The redhead sighed in annoyance and turned around. I peered out around to see a rather old man and a sheep following along after its master.

"Ah. Here's Mildew with the complaint of the day." Gobber groaned, throwing his metal hand in the air. My eyes flickered between the two men before looking at Hiccup.

"Who's Mildew?" I wondered, whispering softly to the boy.

Hiccup's lips twitched, I guessing he isn't a big fan of the man. "He lives on the outside of Berk. He isn'tâ€|wellâ€|let's just say he isn't a big fan of dragons." He whispered back and his green eyes harden on the man with the walking stick.

"It's the damn dragons again! Those demons are not fit to live along side men!" The old man snapped, he spat the words out like they're poison. I flinched at the such hate he held for the dragons.

Gobber grumbled a little and crossed his arms over his chest. "Neither are you Mildew. Why do you think we build your house so far outside of twon?" He asked, the small joke almost made me laugh once more. This village is really good at making jokes, I've almost bust out laughing more then once.

"Ah!" The old man, Mildew growled lightly. "Very well make your jokes. Meanwhile these dragon have been flipping our carts." He smirked lightly and nodded to the side where a very brightly colored Nadder flipped over a cart and ran for it.

I began to notice more Vikings began to walk towards us, all nodding in agreement with this strange old man. "Turning people's house into rubbish. They have even taken an old man's rest. Can't you see these bags under my eyes?" He asked almost like a child tugging on his

eyes, big black bags hanged underneath them.

"He's right. He's hideous.." Gobber admitted, I noticed Hiccup was nodding in agreement. Yep. They don't like him one bit do they?

Mildew suddenly raised his walking stick and tapped Bucket on his, well, bucket. "These are wild. Un-predictable beasts. They even cracked this man's skull like an egg."

My eyes looked at Bucket, he never said a Dragon did that to him. "Eggs? I love eggs, scrambled egg, boiled eggs.." The boy laughed going off into a dreamland as the Vikings around him began to pat him on the shoulders.

"You need to put those dragons in cages." Mildew muttered, his eyes glaring a little at the dragons around him. "If you don't, they'll push us out of our own village!"

Toothless let out whine and he nudged the back of mine and Hiccup's legs, I flinched a little as my muscles cried in protest making me remember I wasn't hundred percent better. Hiccup simply scratched the dragon on the head. "They don't mean any harm, they're just dragons being, well, dragons." He cried out at the Viking around us.

Stoick crossed his arms. "Everyone calm down. Look if there's a problem I'll deal with it." He said, looking heavily at the man. I tilted my head in thought, so they've only just began to live with the dragons, whoa, they have a way to go, the first thing they need to do is put rules up that dragons _understand_.

"Oh there is a problem and I think I speak for everyone when I say you better do something about it." Mildew crumbled softly, his eyes narrowed a little as he looked around at the Vikings who began to bellow out in agreement.

Yes. Things that dragons _do know_, you can't run circles around them, they need to understand what they can do and what they can't do.

I looked around the village and tilted my head.

This might be actually fun.

Turning my head to look at Toothless and Hiccup, I found myself smiling a little.

Yeah, real fun!

* * *

><p>Hey! Did you guys like it? I really-really would like to hear your opinion _

5. Chapter 5

_**Note: Hey Everyone! This is my very-first story so I hope you guys won't be too harsh on me XD. The idea came from the series with Heather. I thought 'What would it be like if they met somebody who

has great information on dragons, somebody who has a greater Dragon Book' and boom this was born. Since I'm a yaoi nut lol It's HiccupXOC
**_

**I thank all the people who reviewed and pout at the ones who did not**

**My Lovely beta who worked to edit this is Tomoyo-chan, so everyone thank her. **

**Enjoy**

* * *

><p>Chapter 4<p>

I smiled a little at Gothi, her skilled hands re-changed my bandages, the wounds have scared over now. The woman was proud of me for adventuring out last night. _I'm_ actually proud of _myself_.

Gothi stood back, she nodded her head a little for me to stand up. Pushing myself up, my legs shuddered a little as I raised my injured arm and noticed it didn't hurt as much as yesterday, turning my gaze on the woman I smiled and bowed a little. "Thank you." I mumbled softly, the truth is that the woman has been very kind to me, letting me stay with her and everything but I'm really worried about Roxas, I _need_ to find him and quick.

The old woman smiled at me and petted me on the head before tapping her staff against the ground, asking what's my plans for today. Well, I want to look for Roxas on the island, but I shouldn't tell her that. "Oh. Wellâ€¦I'm going to go andâ€¦.umâ€¦exploreâ€¦.Berkâ€¦Yeah." I mumbled nervously. "I'm going to go explore Berk." I smiled, scratching the back of my head softly, the woman gave me a weary look before sighing and nodding her head.

Stepping out the door, I released the breath I didn't notice I was holding. Gothi is a really wise woman, she almost saw through my lie, even thought I wasn't exactly lying. I am going exploring just not for reason of getting familiar with the island.

Glancing back at the hut, I smiled nervously at her before walking up the steep hill; just like yesterday, the Vikings greeted me warmly, stalls were being filled with all sorts of goodies. I watched as a hungover Viking was kicked out a pub as it changed from 'open' to 'closed'. Dragons laid about, slowly waking up to the bright sun shining down on them.

I smiled and bent down to scratch a Terrible Terror under its chin, I watched as he purred, his tail wiggled around. His body was a pale purple color with a single black patch on his back, none on his snout showing the little dragon was in fact a male and not female. I wondered if the trainers here know that? I chuckled at the puppy look he gave me as I moved my hand from his chin; smiling, I gently lifted him up. I allowed him to crawl up my arm, his purple tail flicked about a little as he let out a small giggle.

Humming, I gently scratched him between the horns on his head as I looked up, he settled across my shoulders when I began to walk once

more. I suppose an extra pair of eyes can't hurt, right? Stumbling up a hill, I passed a few rocks, I skipped over a little before founding myself at the top of the hill. I looked down, I could see everything. A forest circled around the village all the way down to the beach. Tilting my head to the right, I stared over the rather large rocks to see a couple of covens hidden within the forest.

Maybe there? Maybe that's where Roxas is hiding.

Tilting my head a little, I laughed as the small dragon wiggled a little on my shoulder; he licked and nuzzled my cheek. I hummed a little and rubbed the tip of his head once more as I began to walk down the rocks, I gazed up at the trees we began to walk past. Each tree was different, new styles, new things I've never seen before. I ran my fingers up the bark and chuckled, they even felt different to the trees back home.

The small Terrible Terror leaned over and sniffed the tree before looking at me with disgust. I laughed once more and began to turn around to climb over a fallen tree.

It didn't take long for me to stumble across the first coven. I gazed down through the rocks to stare at the coven down below. It was rather large with a pond, more rocks with grass, flowers and plants around.

Looking at the small dragon on my shoulder, I grinned a little and crawled over the rocks, my knees scrapped against the stone as I slid over the rocks, my arms pushed me off the stone. My booted feet patted against the ground as I dusted myself off and tilted my head back a little to look up. I gazed up at the sky as I walked along a little before I heard a familiar coo.

Blinking a little, I lowered my gaze to look ahead of me to see a black lizard with wings. Its big pearl green eyes stared at me with curiosity, smiling a little. Masking my disappointment I waved. "Hey Toothless." I greeted the dragon, skidding down another rock, getting closer to said dragon who purred at me.

His eyes narrowed a little at the Terror clinging to my shoulder before sighing softly when I began to scratch him the spot Night Furriers love once again. "How yah doing?" I asked and laughed at the soft grunt that came from the grounded dragon.

Toothless moved to make a sound when suddenly a loud cry followed by a thump echoed around the forest. "What was that?" I mumbled softly and gasped when Toothless leaped to his feet, he quickly clawed out of the coven. I groaned and looked at the smaller dragon when Toothless suddenly stopped and snapped at me to follow. "More running.." I whimpered but never the less, crawled out after the dragon.

When we came out of the forest, I noticed the village looked empty. Frowning a little, I looked at Toothless and shrugged as he scanned the village, tilting my head just a little I noticed something laying on the ground a little away.

Frowning a little, I wearily walked towards the figure, the person was laying on its back, arms and legs stretched out glaring at the sky. The closer I got, the more noticeable the person became.

"Um...Hiccup...What are you doing?" I asked, stopping just above his head to glance over him. His green eyes narrowed and he huffed blowing his brown locks out of his face.

"Oh. You know, I took the responsibility for the dragons. Chased them across town and ended up getting my butt handed to me." He snorted, sarcastically. I chocked a little, holding my laughter in.

I smiled wearily at him and turned as Toothless quickly rushed up to him like dog and began to lick his face. "Toothless! Toothless stop." Hiccup grunted, sitting up his arms resting around the black lizard's neck, his head tilted his head up. "And it's 3 o'clock."

Rising my head, I giggled a little and shuddered when many dragons fluttered across the sky, green objects began to fall. Hiccup groaned and ducked his head, I jumped a little in surprise as green slouch splashed on his head.

"Oh! Just perfect!"

Poor boy..

~#~#~

I smiled a little, scanning the many doodles of Toothless that hanged around the small room. "You're very creative." I commend, picking up a drawing and compared it to the real thing, yup the boy is truly amazing.

"Thanks." Hiccup smiled, walking into the room with towel over his head, he pulled it off and ran his fingers through his hair. "I don't look too beaten up? Right?"

Turning around, I flinched a little, the boy looked very beaten down. "Errr...Well.." I mumbled nervously turning my head a little, Toothless made this weird yet adorable smile at the boy who groaned and threw himself against his bed.

"Great! Dragon Pity!" He snorted, rubbing his face a little. "I'll probably see flaming sheep in my dreams for the next month.."

Sighing softly, I walked up to him and sat down. "What you need is a plan." I said and smiled as he pushed himself up straight and gave me a look.

"A plan? Geez why didn't I think of that." He grunted softly, I simply laughed and gently patted him on the back.

"Well. You said your friends each have a certain dragon each right?" I asked, tilting my head a little, I watched as his eyes twitched in thought before nodding to my question. "Well then, why not get them to well, train that type of dragon."

Hiccup's eyes widen with realization before he slapped his hand into his other. "Oh. I get it, for example Fishlegs can train the Gronckles." He muttered thoughtful before smiling. "That just might work. Come on, we'll go to the training ring."

Training ring? I wonder what's that. Never the less, I followed the

boy out with Toothless following. Halfway there said dragon whined and rubbed his head against the back of my legs; grunting I scratched him in the spot. I noted that the 'training area' was right on the edge of the village; we walked up the mountain sides before we came to a large cage like building.

Just the look of it made me shudder. I for one didn't like it at all. Tilting my head to the right, I stopped and shifted my body. "Um. Hiccup?" I called to the brunette who let out a soft 'hmm?' Gulping a little and nervously placed the words together in my head before speaking them. "Um. Ano but that doesn't l-look like a training area.." I tried to explain. It doesn't, it looks like a death trap.

The boy let out a nervous laugh, he rubbed the back of his head and smiled weakly. "That becauseâ€|w-we used to kill themâ€|in thereâ€|." He mumbled hesitating, his eyes twitched and he winced as he spoke them. He's disgusted by it. Well, we have another thing in common.

I know something was wrong with it! Should have guessed..

"But don't worry! We don't do that anymore!" Hiccup yelped quickly, shaking his hands. I laughed and smiled at him. Obviously! I sometime wonder if maybe the boy needs to look around, he states the obvious so much. It's very amusing.

Suddenly, a loud roar filled the air. It sound deep and almost, _almost_ bird like. I noticed Toothless had lifted his head into the air and snorted.

Hiccup smiled and turned around "They're here.."

~#~#~

It had been a long couple of hours. That roar we heard, it belonged to a female Nadder. She was beautiful, strong and strong with bright blue scales that had a hint of blackness, shiny glass and round eyes, her spikes need to be sharpened but she is a very healthy young Nadder. Her personality suits her rider.

The first of Hiccup's friends I met, was the Nadder. She had roared not once but twice. The dragon had shot though the air, she did this tail whip with the water before landing and just as beautiful as her dragon, a young female viking slid of the back. She was tall, taller then me at least. Her hair was the color of the sun, bright gold. It only made sense she'd have blue eyes, it was almost like the girl was created as the human sky. Sun hair, sky eyes and cloud skin as in blonde hair, blue eyes, and pale skin. She wasn't petite either, she had two large axes attached to her back and a armor made into a skirt around her waist.

She had yanked out her axe and held it at me, she demanded my business and after what seemed ages, with the help of Toothless and Hiccup she seemed to accept who I was and put her axe away. As soon as the axe was back onto her back, she had held her hand out. It was almost like she switched personality. "Hi! I'm Astrid." She had spoke brightly.

Astrid and her dragon, StormFly.

The next teens I had meet, well they actually almost blow me up. It was straight after Astrid had induced herself that a large fire ball almost hit us. It caused StormFly to throw a good amount of spikes across the rocks and Toothless to release a purple ball of fire and thunder. After all of that hell, it turned out a Zippleback had accidentally attacked us; apparently its rider was a couple of twins that's a little _grabby._

The poor dragon had crashed into the side of the mountain, it grumbled and shuddered down a little before shoving of its riders with growl. Just by looking at it, I could tell the dragon was worn down and tired, it seemed to be annoyed with them. It didn't take me too long to notice the twins didn't exactly work together and that's actually bad for a Zibbleback, despite the fact its got two heads.

Despite that it was tired, the Zippleback was very healthy and strong, taken cared of pretty good. The dragon was dark green with yellow scale patterns down its back, reddish spikes littered its back until they reached the top of its head and changed into rather large spikes. The dragon's head was actually different; Zipplebacks don't have genders, they have split personalities. One was smarter then its other self; while it was smarter it wasn't as quick as its other. The other head was more mischievous and much more louder and angry, it growls and hisses louder then the other head, it would seem it's out going while the other was more shy.

Their riders were a couple of golden head teenagers. Female and male. The female was as beautiful as the girl called Astrid, it's hard to tell who'd be prettier. She was shorter then her twin with long wavy blond hair, two braids hanged over her shoulders, her blond hair framed her luscious green eyes. Her twin looked almost exactly the same only his blonde hair was straight and it didn't frame his eyes like his sister's hair. His hair is swiped to the side, showing his green eyes, much more darker then his sisters.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut and their dragons, Barf and Belch.

Of course their arrival didn't go down well with Astrid, who tried to attack them for attacking her. And right when she was about to put an axe through the boy, Tuffnut's, head when another dragon arrived.

This one was bigger and much more fearful then the two that's arrived here. This dragon was a deep red color with blood red scales across its back, its small narrowed eyes mockingly as it _spat_ out his rider. That's right, his rider was inside his mouth. I was very surprised he didn't swallow his rider. The dragon itself was a mighty Monstrous Nightmare.

His rider was a plump boy. He was angry and annoyed at his dragon, he had yelled up at the dragon with hisses. He was incredibly short, shorter then Peaches if she was here. He had brown hair with large pulsing muscles.

Snotlout and Hookfang. *They had a love-hate kind of relationship.*

It was a good 30 minutes listening to them argue, in that time I meet the twins and found out Ruffnut was a whole lot smarter then her

twin; he asked me what a 'shipwreck' was. I had almost bust out laughing at him, how old was he? Anyway, after he asked, Ruffnut had punched him in the head and commented on his peanut sized brain.

Yes. 30 minutes before he noticed the _new boy_ and it wasn't long before he rounded on me, asking me a million questions, a few pretty stupid, Astrid had grabbed him by his small vest and yanked the boy back, hard. Hookfang, his dragon let out a roar that sounded like he was laughing.

I awkwardly stood watching them, I felt homesick again. The small group reminded me of my own small group of friends, heck I even missed Salt Socket, the boy is this rather large and beefy, big headed boy who thought he could get away with anything just because he's the Chef's son. Sadly, back at home it doesn't work that way, being Chef doesn't run in the bloodline. You need to work for it, it all depends on your strength and brains to become the next Chef. Something Salt Socket _says_ he's got it in his pocket.

I was pulled from my thoughts by another person, this person was actually much more awkward then the others. He was a round loud, heavy kid, very smart. He was actually much more easier to get along with, his knowledge of dragons was amazing. He would probably fit right in at home, after a little of practice.

The boy was heavy like I said, he was dressed in brown clothing with spiky blonde hair hidden underneath his helmet. His dragon was actually a beautiful Gronckle. She was round with creamy brown scales, but get this, her smell was mint. Strange right?

Fishlegs and his dragon, Meatlog, were the only ones who didn't show off when they landed. Definitely proper Dragon Trainer material, not that all of them aren't, just that Fishlegs had a higher chance; of course Hiccup wasn't much behind either.

"You'll get used to it. They're only like this 99% of the time.." The brunette laughed nervously, rubbing the back of his head as he lead me into the training ground. I smiled at him and shrugged, they seem like they could be a whole lot of fun.

And now. Here I am, standing with the others, who awkwardly stood away from me. I couldn't blame them, they didn't know me very well, but in time I hope to become close.

"That's your plan?" Ruffnut asked, her face scrunched up a little. Her luscious green eyes sparkled a little with a small frown. I had to agree, Hiccup's plan did sound a little out there, from what I've learnt, they've only started living with dragons, is he sure they could handle something like this? "Training Dragons?"

Tuffnut nodded in agreement, his nose twitched a little as his arms crossed over his chest. "Where we used to kill them..?"

I flinched at his choice of words. Kill them, here..I shuddered at what they used to do. Scratches were everywhere, scorch marks were all over the metal. I scanned the dragons and nervously smiled, they looked just as nervous as I am. "The dragons do seem a little nervous.." I mumbled, uncertain about this place being the best place to train them.

"That's because they're sensitive." Fishlegs said, gently caressing Meatlog's scales. His eyes flash and he suddenly covered the dragons ears. "â€|She lost one of her cousins hereâ€|"

"Well. It's amazing you Dad just gave us the ring." It was Astrid who spoke up this time, she turned from petting StormFly to give Hiccup a look. "Right?"

The brunette smiled weakly, he rubbed his right arm and shifted his weight from foot to foot. "Erm. Well about thatâ€|He didn't so that's another thing. We should probably try and not talk about thatâ€|" He said, flinching a little and looking off to the side.

"So. We're going behind your fathers back?" Astrid asked, her eyes hardening and she raised an blond eyebrow.

Hiccup let out a groan, he sighed and shook his head, a little annoyed. "There you go. Talking about it." He almost hissed, almost, it'd be strange if the boy hissed. I've only been here for a small amount of time, but I've already gotten to know the boy even if I've only just met him, I can already tell that Hiccup isn't one for being, well, you know.

"Alright. Um everyone, here is the thing." Hiccup called, he had to make his voice loud a couple of times since they didn't listen until Astrid threatened to chop them up. "The dragons are out of control, we want them to live in our world. They can't without our help, they'll keep blowing things up."

I smiled amused as Tuffnut nodded and spoke. "Got it. Help dragons blow things up, we can totally do that." Ruffnut grinned, she rubbed her small hands together, her green eyes twinkling. "Here's how we're going to do it. First we make them very angry." Ruffnut high-five his sister, both let out a small laugh. "No problem. We anger everyone."

Hiccup sighed, he crossed one arm and his other running down his face. "Guys! This is serious. Mildew wants all of our dragons in cages!" He said, looking up through his hair. "And I don't know about you, but that's not okay with me."

"You're right!" Ruffnut gasped, eyes widening a little before he pointed at Tuffnut. "She's sorry."

I raised an eyebrow, so he blames everything on his sister? Well, that interesting, isn't it? Sighing softly to myself, I turned my gaze onto the brown head boy, he smiled a little and stepped forward with more confidence. "Okay. The next problem is the dragons are eating everything in sight." He explained softly, leaning down to a basket and taking out a loaf of bread and allowed Toothless to take it. He glanced back at the small group of teens before gently scratching underneath Toothless's chin who released the bread easily. "And when you want them to put it down. You just gently scratch under their chins and they let it go." He explained, waving the bread away.

I tried not to nod, but found myself nodding anyway. He was right about that, or you could scratch them behind their ears or horns. That works too.

Turning my head, I watched with a small smile as Snotlout walked over to Hiccup and snatched the loaf from his hand and shook it around. "That may work with you, but me and Hookfang go around it a little different!" He smirked and threw the bread at the red dragon who caught it in his mouth with a growl, his fangs digging into the bread.

"When I want this big-boy to do something.." The dark head boy said, trailing off, his eyes flickering up at his dragon with smirk. Why do I have a feelings this won't end very well? "All I do is get into his face and€"|"

"_**Drop that right now! You hear me**_"

My eyes grow wide, oh boy, Snotlout that is not the way to connect with your dragon. Flinching, I watched looked away as Hookfang dipped his head, spitting out his bread and grabbing the boy with his mouth.

"See! He put it down!" Snotlout's voice echoed out from inside the dragons mouth. "Um€|Can somebody do that scratchy thing?"

Tuffnut looked at the red dragon, his head dipped to the side. "Errr€|Should we help him?" He asked, his lips twitching. Astrid, standing next to him, she smirked, her eyebrows bouncing a little "In a minute."

I just stared at the dragon, he growled and shook his head side to side. Reminded me of Firefly when the twins tumbled into her straw.

"Alright. We've got a lot of training to do."

~#~#~

I trailed behind the small group, looking around a little, the village seemed quiet and calm and I'm pretty sure it isn't supposed to be like that. I looked around, my gaze lifted to the sky and noticed a trail of smoke filling the air. I stared before turning my gaze back to the group, I almost snorted as they began to talk about lunch. "Ano€|Hiccup?" I called and winced as the group stopped to look me. I couldn't find my voice for some reason, too many unknown people looking at me, so I simply pointed to the sky causing the group to look up.

"Smoke.." Hiccup mumbled, his green gaze lowered down the sky. "The Hall." The group arrived at the 'Great Hall' to see the Chief throw a burnt log out, the redhead man stepped down the wooden steps looking around with panic. "They've eaten everything. We've got nothing left for the freeze."

I jumped as the old man, Mildew suddenly appeared by me, he tapped his staff against the ground. "I warned you Stoick. But did you listen to me? No. You put a bunch of teenagers in charge." He said grumpy, throwing his hand at the group in front him, I noticed all of them glare at him. "Now look at what the demons have done! Caging them is way too good for those beasts!"

Hiccup shook his head, I felt sorry for him as I noticed the small

tears in the corners of his eyes. "Dad! Please listen to me! I know dragons better than-" He began, but was cut off by the Chief.

"Enough!" He snapped, making the small child shrunk back a little. "How can I trust you with the dragons when you can't even control your own dragon!" He almost yelled, waving over at the black lizard behind him.

Stoick groaned softly, he rubbed his face a little before turning to face the villagers. I stared at Hiccup, his lip twitched it trembled a clear sign of trying not to cry, turning to look back at the Chief, I sighed softly. The two really aren't close. "Man the boats, we need another catch." He ordered loudly, ignoring the group and walking forward.

I suddenly noticed Mulch, he whined a little. "It's too late Stoick. It took us six whole months to catch all the fish." He tried to explain, he ended up stuttering a little.

"Don't say it's too late. We've got to try.."

The small plump man laughed lightly. "Of course we do." He smiled weakly before his eyes narrowed and he tugged Bucket down. "Don't tell the chief it's too late. You're always so negative." He growled, whacking the bucket.

"I don't know what it is with me.."

Mildew stepped forward, his staff tapping against the rocks. "Bah! You can't just cage those demons. You need to send them away now." He hissed, followed by a soft 'bah' from his sheep, which had stumbled over itself.

Stoick sighed, he rubbed his beard. "You're right. Hiccup will cage them tonight and in the morning he'll send them off the island." the man spoke with a firm tone.

I blinked a little, poor Hiccup. Turning around, I stared as Hiccup let out a choke and hugged Toothless around the neck; he looked so broken.

I wish I could do something to help.

Maybe I could..

* * *

><p>Hey! Did you guys like it? I really-really would like to hear your opinion _

End
file.